BEN HECHT'S REVERSIBLE WEAPONS . . . By Elmer Rice

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Hervey Allen
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

"CONTEMPORARY ITALY"
by Count Carlo Sforza
Reviewed by Stephen Naft

"LIBERTY STREET"
by I. V. Morris
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"THE HEART OF JADE"
by Salvador de Madariaga
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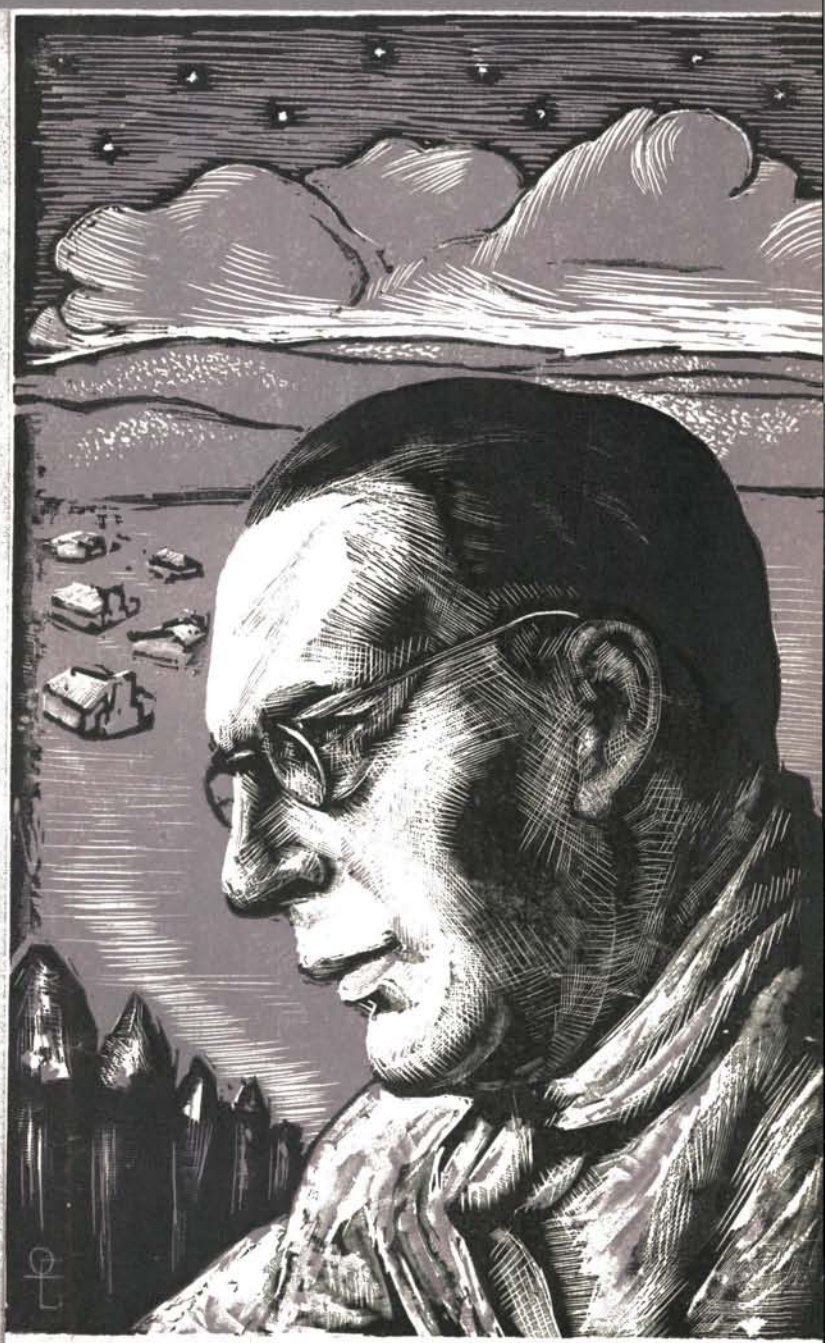

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XVII, No. 13, March 25, 1944. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1944.

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The Pitchfork with Prongs at Both Ends

Ben Hecht May Be Fighting Anti-Semitism With Reversible Weapons

ELMER RICE

A FEW years ago, I sat in a Portuguese café and discussed the theatre, with an intelligent, earnest, and very influential American woman. She asked me what I thought of Lillian Hellman's play, "The Little Foxes." I said it had seemed to me skilfully constructed, acted, and staged: a good evening in the theatre.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it was all of that. But I resented every minute of it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it was so anti-Semitic."

I looked at her in surprise. "But, as I recall it, there wasn't a single Jewish character in it; or any reference to Jews."

"Oh, of course not," she said. "But the characters had all the unpleasant qualities of Jews."

I relate this anecdote because Ben Hecht begins his book* by telling how a feminine luncheon companion's persistent interest in anti-Semitism goaded him into writing it. It is an auspicious opening, and I settled back with the hopeful feeling that a good writer and a good reporter was turning his hand to a job that badly needed doing. I expected that Mr. Hecht, after analyzing the anti-Semitic state of mind, would go on to a consideration of the social implications of race hatred in the modern world. But, though the book is a highly readable one, I put it down in the end with a sense of deep disappointment: for Mr. Hecht has examined the psychological aspects of his subject only fitfully, and the politico-economic aspects hardly at all.

To complain that the book is not the one I was hoping for, may seem unfair; but no seasoned writer looks for fairness in a critic, and if Mr. Hecht is the man I think he is, he will welcome an honest attack upon his whole approach to his theme. For he recognizes fully how little straight thinking there has been, on this whole torturesome subject, and he will agree that a frank and hard-hitting public discussion is more important than the validity of his own opinions.

It should be said, at the outset, that he has written an earnest book, worthy of the most serious consideration. It is shot through with flashes of wit, penetrating observations, passionate indignation, entertaining self-revelations. My quarrel with it is that it is discursive, over-abundant in irrelevancies and oblique paradoxes and, chiefly, that it ignores the practical realities of race hatred in the world we live in.

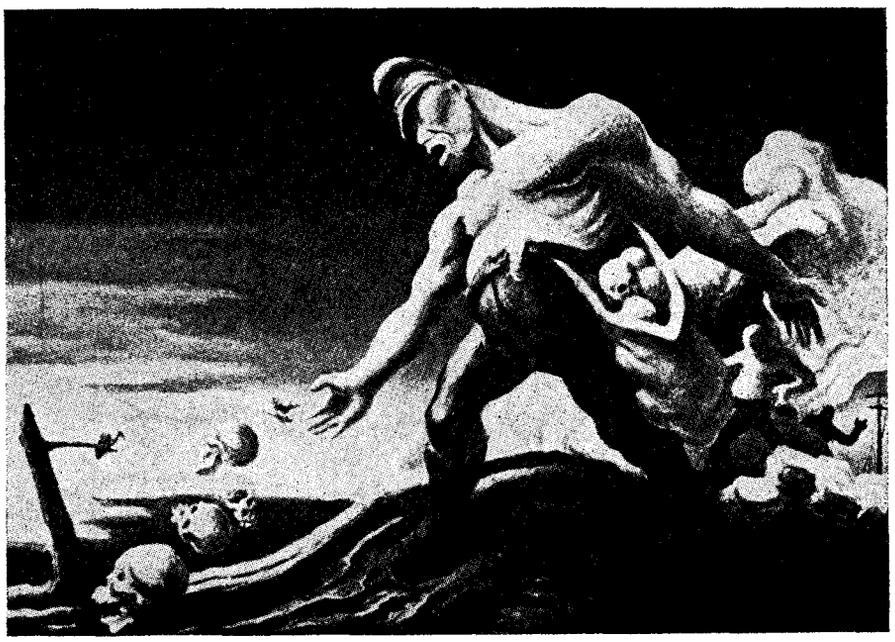
BY way of illustration, I enumerate some of the contents of the book. Mr. Hecht takes down Voltaire from the shelf, blows the dust off him, and spanks him. He exhumes Hilaire Belloc, rattles his dry bones, and re-inters him. He reviews Graetz's "History of the Jews." He composes a long Shavian exegesis of the story of Ahab and Elijah. He describes the bizarre exploits of Dadaism in the Berlin of 1919. He polishes off an obscure Yale pedant named Kennedy. He outlines a proposed motion-picture scenario dealing with Ignatz Philip Semmelweiss's researches on puerperal fever. He introduces us to a Hollywood story-conference, presided over by Plato. It is all very lively and stimulating, but it all has little or no bearing upon the immediate and pressing question: how can we prevent race hatred from dragging down, not only the minorities of the hated and the haters, but the complacent majority who shut their eyes to its existence?

This question receives almost no consideration from Mr. Hecht. He does attempt, now and again, to psychoanalyze the anti-Semite. For instance, he says, very finely:

> Prejudice is our method of transferring our own sickness to others. It is our ruse for disliking others rather than ourselves. We find absolution in our prejudices. We find also in them an enemy made to order rather than inimical forces out of our control. —Prejudice is a raft, onto which the shipwrecked mind clambers and paddles to safety.

But, unfortunately, such flashes of illumination are irritatingly intermittent. One watches, in vain, for the steady searchlight beam, whose merciless and unwavering clarity will show up Mr. Hecht's lady-friend and mine, and perhaps reveal them to themselves (for they will be among the most eager readers of his book). Mr. Hecht, however, is a restless fellow who prefers to poke a flashlight into remote graves or focus a pink baby spot upon a raven-fed prophet.

On the political side of the question, Mr. Hecht has this to say: "Hatred is also a great political deflector. It



—*Courtesy of Associated American Artists*

"The Sower," by Thomas Benton.

**A GUIDE FOR THE BEDEVILLED. By Ben Hecht. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 276 pp. $2.50.*

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has served leaders as a vital change of subject. Alter the enemy, from a confining economic system and its confusing ills, to something as simple and easy to lay low as a Jew and you have restored security around you." But, alas, this trenchant truth, which belongs on page one, turns up only on page 252—almost at the very end of the book! And, once stated, it is dismissed. That, it seems to me, is the greatest shortcoming of the book. But before I enlarge upon that, I want to glance at three other topics discussed by Mr. Hecht.

The first of these is his argument that the Hollywood magnates have deliberately kept Jewish subjects and characters off the screen because they are afraid that the imputation of Jewish manipulation of the movies will be harmful to their race. Mr. Hecht knows Hollywood well, but here, I think, his love of humanity has led him into a false attribution of sensitivity to the Hollywood moguls. The fact is that these gentlemen are interested in nothing but the box-office, and they exclude the Jews from the screen for the same reason that they exclude all controversial or vexatious subjects: the Negro (except in his song-and-dance aspects), capital and labor, share-cropping, the denial of civil liberties, venereal disease, birth control, juvenile delinquency, political corruption—but I must remember my space limitations! The reason these subjects are neglected is that they do not appeal to childish and adolescent minds and, therefore, cannot be sold to the vast majority of movie-goers. (Further, the movie potentates are profound reactionaries and so are careful to avoid bringing up anything that might rock the boat.) It has nothing to do with their being Jewish. The proof is that one Jewish producer, who happens to be primarily an artist, made a picture called "The Great Dictator," which not only pitilessly ridiculed Hitler and Mussolini, at a time when no other Hollywood studio would even mention Hitlerism, but also denounced the anti-Semitic outrages. In spite of Chaplin's prestige, the great movie public shunned it.

(Lest any of the above remarks be construed as anti-Semitic, I hasten to point out that the same side-stepping of the Jewish question, or any other thorny subject, is practised by the non-Jewish publishers of the mass-circulation periodicals and by the advertising agents who control most of the radio programs. It has nothing to do with race; it is a matter of business, that is all.)

Mr. Hecht dilates, also, upon his own unawareness of anti-Semitism, in the days of his youth. Though I suspect he is intentionally a little naive about it, I know what he means. I, myself, have had so few personal encounters with anti-Semitism, that I can dismiss their total impact as negligible. Any sensible Jew is disturbed as little as Mr. Hecht by so-called social discrimination. Nobody in his right mind wants to go to a dinner-party, club, or summer hotel where he is not welcome.

BUT Mr. Hecht disregards the fact that, among people who work in the arts, there is a comradeship that levels the barriers of race, religion, color, nationality, language, class, or political creed. The emphasis is upon who you are and what you have done, not what you are and who your ancestors were. I have felt as much at

—*A. L. Whitey Shafer*
Ben Hecht

home among writers, actors, musicians, painters, and journalists, in London, Budapest, Athens, Moscow, Berlin, and Tokyo, as I have in New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans. (In fact, the internationalism of art and artists has always seemed to me one of the few solid cornerstones of a better world order.)

It is not as easy as all that for the Jewish medical student, who finds himself unable to get an interneship in almost any Eastern hospital; the law or engineering student, who finds the "Jewish quota" of university or technical school operating against him, important law firms and the whole oil and aviation industries refusing to employ him, no matter what his attainments; the college professor, who is denied a post; the little shopkeeper, who is boycotted; the office worker, who has to falsify his name or religion, in order to get a job. (In his happy, Chicago newspaper days, when he was so blissfully unaware of anti-Semitism, did Mr. Hecht never turn to the help wanted ads and read "Christian," "Gentile only," "state religion," "state race"?)

I come now to Mr. Hecht's remarks about Germany and this brings us to the very heart of the subject. His humanity is rightly outraged by the massacre of three million Jews in Germany and the occupied countries. I share not only his indignation but his scorn of the complacent people, everywhere, who have either pretended not to notice or have uttered pious sighs and passed by, on the other side. For page after page, Mr. Hecht lashes out against the Germans. He is a master of invective and his success in composing an anti-German diatribe is unquestionable. Only this book professes to be an analysis of anti-Semitism, an explanation of the phenomenon of race hatred.

I have no wish to discuss here what is to be done with Germany and it is for quite another purpose that I quote Mr. Hecht:

> I consider the Nazi government not only as suitable for Germany, but ideal from the point of view of the rest of the world, as a German government. They should be allowed to remain Germans, in the open, with a good spiked fence around them, such as is used in rendering a Zoo harmless. —Locked firmly in the middle of Europe as Nazis (with storm troopers, concentration camps, hangmen, and Gestapo intact) the Germans would handle their own problem of extermination, in their own way. Their massacre would not have to be on our conscience.

It is not so much the unworkability of this program that disturbs me. I am worried about the effect that such pronouncements will have upon the acceptance of all the sensible things Mr. Hecht has to say about blind race hatred. Early in the book, he disposes expeditiously of the poor wretches who send him anonymous scrawls reading: "Kill all the Jews." Yet, here he is, in the fury of his outraged humanity, saying in substance: "Kill all the Germans."

HE will reply that the Jews are innocent and the Germans are guilty. He says flatly, again and again, that all Germans are murderers. (All except a disinherited two per cent, headed by George Grosz and the Dadaists.) Now, I share his repudiation of the thesis that the Germans are a good-humored and easy-going folk, who have fallen into evil ways under the malign influences of Hitler. I believe that, unless a large part of the German people were possessed of a homicidal impulse, it would have been impossible for Hitler to have perpetrated his atrocities.

But what Mr. Hecht persistently refuses to recognize—and here is the

(*Continued on page 20*)

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Italy as Seen by Carlo Sforza

CONTEMPORARY ITALY: ITS INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL ORIGINS. By Count Carlo Sforza. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 430 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

TWO hundred years of Italian history up to this day are presented here by a man who for almost half a century has taken part in shaping the history of his country. Most historical works are usually written on the basis of previous books, memoirs, and chronicles, which in turn are also compilations of prior writings, and so on ad infinitum. But this book, at least for the years of the author's lifetime, is replete with first-hand information and original interpretations.

In his capacity as diplomat and statesman, Count Carlo Sforza had access to many hitherto secret facts and heard many things few other men could know. Bearer of one of the oldest and most famous names of Europe, he was Italy's Minister of Foreign Affairs after World War I, and since his early youth was in the diplomatic service of his country in China, London, Paris, and Constantinople. At the time of Mussolini's "March on Rome," he was Ambassador to France —which post he immediately resigned on Mussolini's assumption of power. Since then he has been one of the most outspoken opponents of fascism wherever he lived after escaping from France following the German invasion.

While in Italy, in and out of the government, as Minister, or as Senator, he courageously and consistently maintained a liberal attitude on all questions of political liberties, and social and labor problems, notwithstanding his sponsoring of an expansionist policy of his country in North Africa, the Dodecanese and the Adriatic. Being a moderate "bourgeois" liberal, Sforza should be classified politically to the left of the Communists now, because he strenuously opposes the maintenance in power of Badoglio and that king who is in urgent need of elevator shoes, while the Communists the world over suddenly discovered that King and Badoglio should be embraced as comrades in arms in the struggle for the liberation of peoples. The recent official Moscow recognition of the Badoglio regime had, of course, nothing to do with the American Communists' change of heart because it is well known that they do not receive any orders from the nonexisting Communist International in Moscow.

When a 70-year-old courageous statesman, who has remained fresh and active in mind and memory, writes and does not have to manage anybody's susceptibilities, one can expect interesting revelations. And he does "spill the beans"—and there are some extraordinary nuggets among them.

The book might sound sometimes as an *apologia pro vita mea* intending to prove that, as a statesman, Sforza was always right and always foresaw the future clearly, while—with a few exceptions—most of the others in power were either reactionary scoundrels, traitors, imbeciles, or weaklings. He might not be so far from the truth where these others are concerned.

He does not mince words in exposing historical crimes and stupidities of the governments of his own and other countries. He calls the expedition of Napoleon III against the Roman Republic of 1848 under Mazzini, to reëstablish the Pope in power, "the most contemptible political crime" of the nineteenth century. However against Mazzini, a republican with socialistic aspirations, and a deep religious faith, who used the confiscated church property to increase the salaries of the lower clergy, Sforza holds that he did not follow the advice of the father of anarchism, Bakunin, to win the Italian peasants to his cause.

He points out that the later socialist movements did not lead anywhere because they were interested mainly in the city populations. Thus, the idea that it is all-important to win the rural population for any popular movement runs like a leitmotif through his book.

Speaking of the influence of the Popes in Italy, he does not hide his enmity against the pernicious influence of their reactionary policy of consistent opposition to national unity and progress. He quotes Pius X who characterized France as the "diabolical trinity of freemasonry, Christian democracy, and modernism," and almost blasphemously referred to that country as the "Church's French evil." (In Italy syphilis is generally called the "French Evil.") He recalls how Pope Pius X gloated over the initial defeats of France by the Germans in 1914, expressing his hope for France's complete defeat with the words: "Thus they will understand that they must become obedient sons of the Church."

Sforza presents bouquets of instances of international diplomatic double-crossings, the likes of which few Chicago gangsters would admit without blushing.

Thus when in 1885 Italy occupied Massawa, "the first staked-out area of what was later to be the colony of Eritrea, Bismarck protested in the name of the integrity of the Ottaman Empire; and this happened at the time when, in his intimate conversations with European statesmen, he was launching the idea of a final partition of Turkey. As a matter of fact, Bismarck had been vexed only because the occupation of Massawa had come about as the result of an understanding between London and Rome; and he wanted Rome to be on bad terms with London, especially when he himself was having bitter-sweet discussions with the British Government over colonial questions." . . .

> At the time of the Congress of Berlin in 1878, Bismarck explicitly offered Tunisia to Count Corti for Italy. Except that the offer was not formulated until after it had been made to France, in agreement with Lord Salisbury, and after having ascertained that the Quai d'Orsay would have taken action.

The purpose was to embroil Italy with France and profit by their embroilment.

Several years before the conclusion of the Triple Alliance between Austria, Germany, and Italy in 1882, Count de Robillant, representing Italy in Vienna, wrote these prophetic words which should now be read to Mussolini and King Victor Emanuel every day after dinner:

> ". . . . if a war should result from the deliberate will of Germany to attack France, Italy could not take part in the war on Germany's side; she would not seem an ally but rather a hired assassin whom one pays his price. Furthermore, the result of a war between France and Germany would always be harmful and dangerous to Italy.

Of greater and timelier interest than Sforza's appreciation of the period between the renaissance and the risorgimiento is, however, his narrative of the events during his active lifetime, and particularly the chapters on the origin and history of social and labor movements and the crisis of socialism which contributed to the victory of fascism.

The opinion, which at the beginning was almost universal and is still widespread even among decided opponents of fascism, that Mussolini, the father of this movement, was a kind of evil genius, but a genius never-

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theless, is thoroughly destroyed by Sforza. He ascribes Mussolini's success more to his stupidity in being unable to foresee the consequences, to his histrionic abilities, and his readiness to follow the influential men who financed the movement at the beginning. Sforza shows how even the ideology of fascism was plagiarized from d'Annunzio, whom he also deflates with unmitigated contempt.

Profound analysts of fascism ascribe Mussolini's ideas to the influence of his studies of Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Pareto, and Sorel, but Sforza assures us that Mussolini, throughout his life, never read anything but newspaper articles.

The chapter on the origin of World War I is full of revealing anecdotes and remarks made to Sforza or his friends by other diplomats. Characteristic is the complaint made to him in London by the former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador Count Mensdorf, that Austria was "tricked into the war" against the Entente, because Germany and Austria were sure that France and England would never oppose them. It was the same song of Kaiser Wilhelm II and Hitler who, perhaps sincerely, affirmed that they never wanted war. They only wanted to swallow the other countries, hoping there would be no resistance.

Sforza believes that during the turbulent years immediately after World War I only one man saw what was coming. It was the old anarchist Malatesta. He knew that only a social revolution could solve the problem. But he was unable to gather sufficient mass support. Turning to the Socialists who talked about revolution but did not want it and to the Communists who wanted it but sabotaged it, he said: "If we let this favorable moment pass we shall later pay with tears of blood for the fear we have instilled in the bourgeoisie." Malatesta —Sforza says—was the only one who foresaw fascism.

The book tells us about the disastrous role of the Communists before the advent of fascism. They were fighting fascism, but for them everything was fascism: the government, democracy, the middle classes and—especially—the Socialists. When the Socialists organized the *Arditi del Popolo,* armed groups to fight the Fascists, the Communists forbade their members to join the *Arditi,* declaring that it was "a maneuver of the bourgeoisie." They wanted the destruction of fascism, but on condition that they should remain the sole masters. In view of this split in the labor ranks, Mussolini was encouraged to increasingly violent actions against the labor movement.

Sforza quotes a conversation at an international conference of "democratic parties of Christian inspiration" held in Paris in 1931. It was two years before the advent of Hitler. The Italian delegate warned the German members of the conference of the danger of a Nazi victory in Germany. "If you continue in this course," he said, "you will end as in Italy." One of the German delegates, his vanity piqued, replied: "You forget that we are not Italians." The Italian replied: "Oh, I do not forget that. It is just because you are Germans that it will be definitely worse than in Italy."

Sforza adds to this—"Mussolini required six years to be sure that Italy was enchained; six minutes sufficed Hitler."

Almost unbelievable are his revelations about the treachery of the French generals in the present war.

Shortly before the war General Weygand, for a short time the hope of the anti-Pétainists, carried with him and recommended to his acquantainces, the notorious booklet, "Gerbes de Force" ("Sheaves of Strength"), a fanatical, blind, justification of Nazism, by the French pro-Nazi writer, Chateaubriant.

On June 18, 1940, after France's complete defeat, Weygand said to a friend of Sforza: "This collapse is sent by God. It will help the French to understand what happens to them when they forget the Church."

And when another army chief, General Hunzinger was sent to Rome by Pétain to negotiate the armistice with Italy, he offered, without being asked, the names of 50,000 "traitors." These "traitors" were the Italians in France, who, out of sympathy for Republican France, offered to fight or enlist in the French armies.

In such hands was the fate of the French Republic in 1940.

—SRL color woodcut by Frances O'Brien Garfield
Count Carlo Sforza

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Hervey Allen's Continuing Saga

BEDFORD VILLAGE. By Hervey Allen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. ALLEN began his panoramic North American romance with "The Forest and the Fort"; he continues it at the same swift pace in this volume, with the same hero, young Salathiel Albine, in the foreground. The story is swift enough, at any rate, even though the action is all included in a single year, 1763-64, and though most of it takes place in or about the Pennsylvania frontier settlement of Bedford Village on the blue Juniata. For Bedford holds a key position. Here there is a little settlement, a five-bastioned fort, a garrison hospital, and Pendergass's big establishment, a combination of tavern and general store. West of Bedford rise the tumbled Alleghenies, a mountain barrier roamed by wild beasts, and savage Indians. With Pontiac's rebellion still smouldering, with the Shawnees and other tribes of the Ohio country still lustily on the warpath, it is important not only to hold Bedford Fort, but to make good use of it. And this two British officers do: Captain Ecuyer, dying but indomitable, and Captain Jack Fenwick, skilled frontier warrior. Making use of the available forces, they see to it that supplies are sent through to the western posts, that the redskins are harassed and punished, and that all is made ready for Bouquet's great expedition to pacify the Ohio area.

Equally interested in the career of his irresponsible but good-hearted hero Salathiel, in the stirring history of these years when the debris of the French and Indian War was being painfully cleaned up, and in the changing aspects and forces of the frontier, Mr. Allen gives the reader good measure of it all. Most people will doubtless read the book for the vigorously narrated adventures of Salathiel. This youngster, with his clear mind, strong body, and haunting memories of Indian rapine and captivity, takes aptly to Captain Jack's tuition. He has adventures with Indians, and with white men hardly less wild than the redskins. He participates in the wiping out of a camp of friendly, unoffending savages, helping massacre women and children. He conducts a futile love-affair with a girl at the inn, Phoebe. He witnesses plenty of garrison devilry, and takes part in some of it. He makes the most of the social contacts open to him; with British officers, teamsters, bluff Pendergass, the salty surgeon Caldwell who tries to save Ecuyer, the shrewd little lawyer Yates who helps him as garrison clerk. In the end he is reunited to the refugee girl he had married so carelessly earlier in the narrative, and with her sets his face toward the settlements, ready for new adventures.

But for those readers who will not flinch at Mr. Allen's rather long stretches of description, analysis, and historical philosophizing, a deeper interest will attach to his picture of the evolving frontier. Of course even after the throes of the great French War, when in a new-found peace the tides of Westward settlement are beginning slowly to move, the frontier cannot evolve very far in one year. Yet it does change, and Mr. Allen shrewdly notes the principal forces at work. The Indians are being pushed back. Marriages and less formal unions are contributing to the frontier population. Touches of elegance—such as lilac-water perfume and smart clothes—are finding their way into the mountains. Types of organization formerly restricted to the well-settled East are being transplanted; the Masonic organization, for example—for the book tells how and why its rites were taken into the backwoods, and what they accomplished. Money comes in, for the soldiers after long delay are paid off; and the money is very promptly redistributed. The customs, the rudimentary social structure, and the convictions and aspirations of the frontier, are capably and energetically presented. This is altogether a worthy successor of Mr. Hervey's first novel in his series, and despite some prosy passages in the descriptive pages, and some rather juvenile bits of action in the adventurous pages, it will appeal to a wide body of readers as enjoyable and instructive. That it will fit artistically into the long narrative the author has planned remains to be demonstrated, for nothing like the full outlines of his great structure are yet visible.

Storm After a Boy's Heart

CRAZY WEATHER. By Charles L. McNichols. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 195 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

THIS is a lively story by a man who still has a boy's heart. The story takes place, like the crazy weather, in the valley of the Colorado River when the hot moist air rolls up from Mexican jungles, driving out the dry heat of the desert until a storm dispels it. It is in this festering heat that the conflicts of a young white boy's mind are ripened to make the yarn. His mother's plans and his father's hopes depress him, so he runs away in the heat with a Mojave Indian to make war on the Piutes and win a man's name and a man's character. In short, this is the old story of the white boy gone native among the Indians, and the author puts him through all the paces of his red friends, all the phases of life of these realistic pagans.

He shares adventures, saves his friend, and is saved by his friend. Then the storm brings an end to the crazy weather and our white "Indian" boy goes white and goes home again.

The author knows Indians of diverse tribes, since his father, an agent of the Department of the Interior, moved about from one reservation to another while the son was growing up. He has also had experience as a newspaper and Hollywood writer, as a horseman, a flyer, and a veteran of World War I. He writes with vividness, drive, and a sensitive feeling for Indian attitudes to life and nature. His story really moves.

The scene is laid on the Fort Mojave Reservation, and the story is unusual in that it describes the life of the Mojave Indians, who have been comparatively neglected by our writers of fiction. Here the reader will make friends with men bold enough to fight with clubs against arrows.

The hero hears the story of creation chanted by the Dream Singers and comes in contact with birth and death, religious rites and black magic. After seeking he knows not what, he finds his true satisfaction in returning to the duties and responsibilities of his father's ranch. This story will appeal strongly to adult readers. It is a good psychological study of a fourteen-year-old boy, and illustrates as well the psychology of Indians and men who are, to all intents and purposes, part Indian—though not of Indian blood. The story, being the story of a quest, has not much plot, but consists of a series of contacts and situations on the hero's odyssey.

This book is an illustration of the effect upon an author of writing for the screen. There is a great deal of dialogue and the story is presented atmospherically, as if for movie directors. This produces a somewhat flat and obvious effect upon the reader accustomed to a more subtle and more deliberate art.

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Christianity by Conquest

THE HEART OF JADE. By Salvador de Madariaga. New York: Creative Age Press. 1944. 642 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

RECENTLY Robert Hammond Murray of the Military Service Publishing Company brought out Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" in fresh dress, with nine new battles added. One of those battles is that of Tenochtitlan, the struggle for Mexico City between the forces of Hernán Cortés and of Montezuma, Emperor of the Aztecs. Certainly no more bizarre and dramatic exploit has ever been recorded in the annals of man, and one outcome of that early aggression, which was to shape events for centuries in two-thirds of the New World, has been a most snarled cultural pattern, of late varnished over by good-neighbor platitudes.

Against the majestic backdrop of that conflict of four centuries ago, Salvador de Madariaga has fashioned a most romantic yarn. The versatile Spanish writer is well known to American audiences for his witty and eloquent performances on the lecture platform; his studies of the psychological and social traits of Spain, France, and England have been scintillating, full of brilliant if not always profound generalizations.

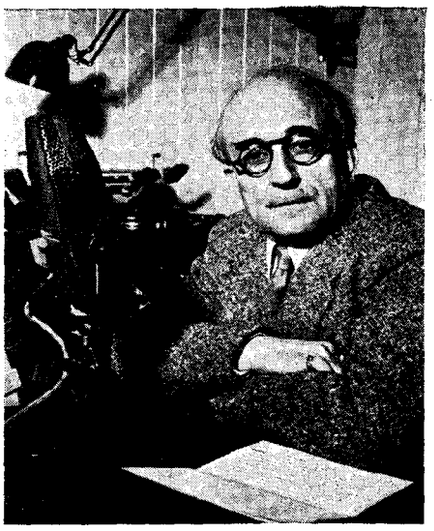
In "The Heart of Jade" these talents often glow brightly amid deep layers of historical scholarship and at the interstices of a perfect but ponderously executed plot. The writing of this grandiose novel has required more varied techniques, and despite the vast erudition displayed, Madariaga has not been wholly successful. Frequently he seems more interested in the minutiæ of Aztec habits than in the progress of character or plot. He has not been entirely happy in his efforts to reconcile the romantic picaresque tradition with a blue-print too orderly for the rough-and-tumble times and too much in the style of slick and celluloid. Even though the pattern is so precise and so neat, the hop, skip, and jump from character to character, from Mexico to Spain, at too quick intervals, tends to reduce his elbow room at any given moment and likewise to dwarf the scale of epic events. His black and white characters, who are chiefly symbols, have limited dimensions despite the complexity of their experiences; and their essential mediocrity tends to belittle the drama of which they are a part. The skin-of-the-teeth treatment suggests that the author has one eye cocked on the movies.

It would seem that the Conquest of Mexico should have been a full platter, and when the hero rushes home to save the old mother from the Inquisition and falls into the hands of the Moors (the Governor of Morocco is, of course, a Moor whom the hero has earlier befriended), when the heroine is saved in the nick of time from the villain's bedroom in the harem, the bathos becomes too overpowering. The symbolism of "The Heart of Jade," the Aztec magic stone, which creates wild lust in the heart of whoever wears it, is labored and belabored to the very end to the point of the ridiculous. Madariaga has not missed a sentimental trick anywhere along the line, but in spite of that the tears don't jerk.

In the Spanish settings in his book and among Spanish characters, the author moves with more ease and competence, and his Spaniards, Moors, and Jews, if largely the conventional folk of Spanish literature, nevertheless have more reality, in spite of the use of fewer details, than do his Aztecs. Madariaga simply does not penetrate the native psychology (although frequently he interprets it in modern terms quite capably) for in his Mexican characters their emotions, thoughts, and deeds break down into recognizable European patterns.

Amid general scenes of carnage, cruelty, and lust, Madariaga projects two pure and unsullied persons, the hero, Alonso Rodrigo, and Xuchitl (Flower), the Aztec princess, both of whom successfully resist all fleshly tempation, slay all the dragons, and win out over all the villains, to meet in perfect idealized union. They are very pat; and undoubtedly are meant as symbols of the best traits of the two races. Unfortunately, the great moments of their meetings, their falling in love and their marriage, are rendered in the most stilted phraseology and with false posturing, and the rapture of conversion to the true faith is reduced to the uttering of banal clichés, which would have some justification if they truly reflected the language and conduct of the times. In contrast, the more carnal performances of minor characters—and the author explores the whole gamut of sexual possibilities—are often described, if perhaps in too much sensuous detail for some tastes, with a moving and poetic quality.

Out of the perfect union between Spaniard and Indian comes the New World man of the future—that seems to be the thesis hinted at—but that romantic hope is not as roseate as the author would seem to imply. Few such unions were based upon unsullied love and few of the offspring found adjustment easy.



Salvador de Madariaga

Madariaga tries earnestly to weight the scales justly as to things Spanish and native, but scarcely succeeds. Aztec cruelties are presented with grim detail; but the slaughters by the Spaniards are unconsciously glossed over. The same details and the harrowing effects upon the victim are scarcely revealed in the case of the Inquisition torture wheel. In fact the whole Conquest, despite many of the monstrous facts presented by Madariaga, is largely oversimplified to the task of implanting the true faith. The great adventure of empire building and the looting of a vast kingdom shrink to minor proportions, and the novel becomes a sort of Sunday school tract for Christianity in its most naive and sentimental aspects.

In spite of all, the canvas is so large that much is to be learned from this volume. Although personally I find the old chronicle of Bernal Diaz or the ageless account of Prescott far more moving, in "The Heart of Jade" Madariaga has given us an extended record of Aztec legends and customs; and his story of the Conquest (aside from motives and except for only a few licenses taken with actual events in order to make his plot click) is based on accurate scholarship. The average person is not going to sit down and attempt to interpret the old Aztec picture codices; he is not likely to read over the records of Lord Kingsborough, or to plow through Sahagún, Clavigero, Peter Martyr, Herrera, Oviedo, and Ixtlixochitl; or to pore over the legends and records scattered through decades of the "Annals of the Museum of Mexico"—even were these and similar materials all translated into English—so that Madariaga's novel will reward him with exciting history in easy doses.

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A Beautiful Street in Brooklyn

LIBERTY STREET. By I. V. Morris. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 180 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

MOST earnestly I wish that I could like Mr. Morris's new novel as much as I want to like it, and as much as I was prepared to like it, and this inability on my part has caused me considerable inner discomfort and embarrassment. I want to like Mr. Morris's novel because I agree, no one more, with its thesis, and I thought I was going to like it because so many people whose opinions I respect are enthusiastic about it.

Either, in an hour as grave and dark as this, you are for something, and with all your heart, or else you are lukewarm. And no bones about it. No quibbling. Suddenly blackness and light have come back into the world; definite good and definite evil. The die is cast, and the choice must be made, and unfortunately one of the weaknesses of the liberal mind, the reverse side of a virtue, is its tendency toward infinite amoeba-like divergence. So I wanted to like Mr. Morris's novel, and I agree entirely with everything he says, and I don't agree in the least with the way he says it.

That Nazism is unbearable is not debatable. That the American Fascist is unbearable is equally non-debatable; and if he is an unconscious Fascist, as so many of them are, anger in a way is even more profound for here is gross stupidity added to malice. That narrow-minded bureaucracy and red-tape are deadly is true. That many diplomats, American and otherwise, are fools, no one will deny. That such fools cause infinite trouble and, frequently, tragedy, goes without saying. That good manners, humility, and mercy are among the most necessary of virtues, especially at present, is a grim axiom. But having decided wisely about all these premises, Mr. Morris, it seems to me, goes about proving them in an unfortunate manner.

The background is perfect; the atmosphere to be used when needed is all there; the plot is an excellent one. The scene is Santa Rosa, an imaginary Central American capital, and here is stranded, wistfully or bitterly trying to enter the final refuge, the United States, an assorted group of refugees. There is a beautiful young Austrian baroness, Maria Theresa, or Maria-Té, Falkenborn, her uncle, the violin-playing Baron Falkenborn, until recently a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp, her beautiful little brother, "Bubi," and especially Nestor Kerjanian, an Armenian, a waif spewed up by the mortal sickness of Europe. Starting with the Turks, for twenty years or more Kerjanian has been fleeing half around the world from successive waves of cruelty and tyranny. He wants to get to Liberty Street, Brooklyn, where lives his brother who had the sense to enter America when the entering was comparatively simple, and so Liberty Street has come to seem to him all that is beautiful and just.

This is symbolic; a great deal of the book is symbolic. But Mr. Morris

I. V. Morris

knows, and so do I, that "Liberty Streets, Brooklyn" are neither beautiful, nor especially just, nor typical of a symbolic America, and Nestor Kerjanian would also know when he got there, so the device at once becomes dishearteningly theatrical. Moreover, since he has been fleeing for twenty years, why didn't Nestor Kerjanian try to join his brother earlier? Why did he wait, like so many other refugees, until there was hardly any other place to go to except America, and when that country was engaged in a deadly war; a condition which, almost anyone will admit, makes a careful scanning of an immigration list imperative? It seems to me that Nestor Kerjanian took a long while to discover the beauties of Liberty Street. Furthermore, Nestor Kerjanian is a homicidal maniac, and proves it before the book is done. No one blames him for becoming so, and one only wonders why he didn't become one before, but this pity does not alter the practical aspects of the case. One should also have some pity for one's own, in this respect, greatly abused country.

The same objections apply to the Falkenborns, although in a milder way. The Falkenborns, unlike Nestor Kerjanian, are not hunting for "Liberty Street"; they are merely hunting for a comfortable hotel until they can go back to Vienna. That being the case, what's the matter with Santa Rosa, or dozens of other countries? Indeed, Baron Falkenborn, being a sensible old fellow and a royalist, and so not in the least interested in "Liberty Streets," does just that. He takes over a boarding-house in Santa Rosa and settles down for the duration. Maria-Té is the only one who achieves her original purpose; she marries a young diplomat attached to the American Ministry at Santa Rosa, and so automatically acquires a visa.

One does not wish to dismiss lightly the haunting tragedy of the refugee; one does not wish to dismiss anything lightly nowadays. Nor does one wish to minimize or excuse in any way the triple-dyed fool, Warfield Harrington, American Minister to Santa Rosa and the villain of the piece. Mr. Morris had a great idea and he could have made out of it a profound and heart-breaking novel, but he chose his characters badly, and his arguments, at least so it seems to me, without long enough reflection. The old liberal panacea of just being kind to everyone, irrespective of their merits, is one of the things that has got this country into its present trouble. That, plus an equal kindness toward dividends.

America was indeed founded as a sanctuary, and it is still a sanctuary, but before you demand the privileges of sanctuary, you must on your part acquire some humbleness of heart and some desire to learn. Woodrow Wilson once said that to be an American "you had to work at it. It wasn't just something you were," and today this country, especially New York, is filled with visitors very much like Mr. Morris's refugees who haven't the slightest intention of "working at it" and whose one idea of sanctuary is safety, contemptuously accepted. Nestor Kerjanian had twenty years in which to kill enemies much more important than Warfield Harrington. There were, and are, many armies he could have joined. The same thing applies to Baron Falkenborn. Also Maria-Té.

Meanwhile, I hope to live long enough to read some day an American novel which says what a fine place, with all its faults, the United States is, and, taking the run of them, what kindly people, especially in comparison to other nations, most Americans are. And not such fools, either, by and large.

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St. Francis of Assisi

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK. A novel about St. Francis of Assisi by Zofia Kossak. Translated from the Polish by Rulka Langer. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 375 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

TO paint a picture of as stormy and crisis-shaken a period as the beginning of the thirteenth century with its sudden and sweeping changes in the political, social, and spiritual spheres, requires artistic courage and solid erudition. Mme. Kossak must have spent many years of painstaking historical research on the preparation of this book, and no reader of "Blessed Are the Meek" can remain unimpressed by the wealth of her knowledge of the ecclesiastical and wordly affairs of that distant country. The panorama of events and personalities painted by her is admirable in its scope, the span of her novel including the policies of Pope Innocent III, the play of intrigues at an Arab sultan's court, business tricks of Venetian merchants eager to make money out of the unfortunate Children's Crusade, the debacle of the Fifth Crusader Army, a troubadour's mission as messenger of love between a king and his dame, and the birth of the Franciscan Order.

Since "Blessed Are the Meek" is a Book-of-the-Month selection (belonging, in addition to that, to a category of fiction which, as the success of "The Robe" and "The Song of Bernadette" shows, is evidently favored by a large number of readers of novels), there is every reason to assume that Mme. Kossak's name will soon appear on the best-seller lists. And it is the ardent wish of this reviewer that Mme. Kossak, who is still in battered, starving Warsaw to which she fled from Silesia, may enjoy the fruits of her American success in a peaceful Europe, liberated thoroughly and, above all, quickly from the black plague of Nazism. Yet it would be a sin against the spirit of candor which Mme Kossak admires so much in her hero, Francis of Assisi, not to state that "Blessed Are the Meek" is far from being a great novel. As a matter of fact, it is but a pale descendant of that other Polish novel which can be considered the ancestor of the whole species: Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?"

Sienkiewicz compensated for his rather shallow psychological motivations by an admirable capacity for bringing an ancient, buried world alive. Mme. Kossak, while sharing her literary ancestor's weakness, does not live up to his power of pictorial creation. Her heroes never come really to life. In discussing the character of Francis of Assisi, one of his intimates says: "Oh, Francis! He is unique! People would always follow him even if he ordered them to stand on their heads! Because it is he—I do not know myself why it is so . . ." The trouble is, the author does not know either, or at least, never makes this "why" (and other "whys") clear to the reader.

There is, too, a certain lack of artistic economy in Mrs. Kossak's narrative. She becomes entagled in too many historical details without real significance either for the development of the story or the elucidation of a character. Many scenes are so overcrowded with a teeming multitude of people whose names and "case histories" are forced upon the reader that, in the end, the proportions get lost and the outlines of most of the heroes begin to quiver.

The reader who expects to be gradually introduced into the process of human relationships is often put off with mere genealogical remarks and a barren communique of this kind: "They were madly in love." Period. This rather crude manner of take-it-or-leave-it labelling instead of a novelistic procedure of characterization and description through actions, thoughts, and feelings, cannot but produce disappointment. A stilted and clumsy diction adds to the embarrassment. Mme. Kossack's original language may be, of course, much subtler and fresher than the translation, but it cannot be assumed that the translator made up all by herself that puzzling mixture of archaic expressions and modern sociological terms which couples medieval flourish with —"class differences." Neither can the translator be blamed for such awkward transitions as this: "Thus appeared the beginning of the new century in the Christian world as seen through the eyes of Christ's vicar on earth. What of the same year, the 600th year of Hiddgra, in Mahomet's countries?"

—SRL woodcut by Frances O'Brien Garfield
Zofia Kossak

It is but seldom that a spark of humor and wit flashes out. Remarks like that about Jean de Brienne who, as a brave knight, preferred to die for a godly cause rather than force himself to an unwanted travel for that same cause, are as rare, alas, as raisins in a miser's cake.

Feasting upon Bitter Fruit

THE APPLE MUST BE BITTEN. By Fanny Colby. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

SOMETHING very strange is happening to the American husband, to judge by the novels the American woman is writing about him these days. From that meek, downtrodden creature, "le business-man americain," good for board but not for bed, impervious to the higher things urged on him by his wife, he has become a monster. From an object of scorn he has become an object of hatred.

Consider the men in Fanny Colby's novel. A generation later than the husbands in the first Sinclair Lewis novels, they are gentlemen as their wives are ladies. But their manners, their education, make only more sinister their vices. Come to the party Wayne is giving: it's the first time we've been to his house since his wife died—as a result, they say, of his striking her. Look at Margery's face as Chard takes that young girl out into the shrubbery; she looks haggard, my dear, and well she might with all those children and all that housework. Winty and Sandy are dead drunk already. There's Michael doing the rhumba with Paulina who isn't nineteen yet: how angry Miss Westerberg looks; you remember she was the woman on account of whom Michael's wife killed herself last year.

But the best looking, the most elegant gentleman in the party is Ned, husband of Maggie, the heroine. Ned has come late to the party to shame her; Ned has shouted at her because she danced with the English poet Neil: Ned has left the party with another woman. . . . Give Ned a little more

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time, a few more parties; he will go from affair to affair, from rage to rage, from persecution to torture.

But how about Maggie? Well, she is unquestionably a real heroine to Miss Colby. She is that woman whom we all see ourselves as being; intelligent, sensitive, warmhearted. There are those who criticize her, most articulate of whom is Neil, a familiar character left over from an earlier dream of the American woman; that foreign literary man with the burning eyes and the will o' the wisp and subversive ways. Neil tells her what is wrong with her—that she will not give enough; that she has rigged her life deliberately for a tragedy which demands no action, for a comfortable drama of despair; that she is pursuing a dream figure whose chief specification is that he does not exist. But as she listens, Neil begins to "blur into Ned for her, as Ned had blurred into her father."

She is blind, Neil tells her, and she allows her men no freedom. Miss Colby permits her to protest self-righteously. But though intellectually perhaps the author is able to accept that there is some truth in Neil's analysis, emotionally she does not accept it; it is apparently with her approval that Maggie follows Ned to another woman's house, sees him enter there at eight in the evening, and sits in the taxi till he comes out at three, without once observing the necessary companion of her vigil, the taximan. One thinks of those terrible Thurber women ever crouched, massive and malign, at some mousehole. . . .

Now the British author has lost his hold, merging into the American husband and father, the American wife has manufactured for herself another dream image. Rescued from the brutalities of Ned by her mother's old friends, she takes refuge in her childhood love, her cousin and counterpart Pat, the gentle mocker, the esthete, now packaged as the foreign correspondent. To this dead end all her yearnings have brought her, back to herself and her mother, back to a safe, easy, woman's world. But it is hard to believe that such escape or such cherished hatred will be the American woman's final solution to her centuries-long dissatisfaction with her husband. She is still on the losing side, and mere hatred is not the weapon which will enable her to win.

Miss Colby's clever book, with its almost vindictive satisfaction in the tortures which men and women inflict on each other, is neither good enough to make its girdings important nor bad enough to make comfortable reading. With a harsh and impatient hand, she has called attention to a real and still unresolved tragedy.

Where Angels Once Loved to Tread

THE ANGEL WITH THE TRUMPET. By Ernst Lothar. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 457 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THIS is the story of an old house in the Annagasse in Vienna, an aristocratic baroque house with beautiful ornaments, a stone-carved angel over the entrance, and high-ceilinged, damp rooms that no heating could ever make comfortable. It is also a romantic cavalcade of its inhabitants, mainly the story of the beautiful Henriette who, in true Viennese tradition, was in love with a prince but married a business man. Through the years the house exerts its power: it stifles all human and warm impulses, it molds

—*Lotte Jacobi*

Ernst Lothar

people according to its own narrow standards, it wins the battle over Henriette who, at the end, has adopted all the rigid morals and respectable ideas against which she had fought during her entire life. When the first waves of Nazism sweep through Austria, one of Henriette's sons builds a secret staircase and prints Hitler pamphlets in the cellar; when Hitler marches through the streets of Vienna, her other son, Hans, starts in the same cellar his "Freedom-Station" broadcasts that give comfort to thousands of suffering Austrians.

Ernst Lothar's book has many merits. It gives the lie to those still widely accepted misconceptions of Vienna as the eternally gay, eternally waltzing city of Johann Strauss with its inhabitants enjoying forever the "Blue Danube," when not engaged in the baking of delicious desserts. With the bitterness of love and the thoroughness of an experienced physician, Ernst Lothar depicts the true Vienna of decaying aristocratic families, a powerful and reactionary bureaucracy, and an ever-growing inane nationalism —particularly unfounded in a city that has been the melting pot of East and West for many centuries. Henriette's own family contains people of many bloodstreams but that doesn't prevent her son Hermann from becoming a worshipper of Hitler. By that time, however, the reader has somewhat gotten away from Henriette. As long as the author describes her youth, the romantic and unhappy episode with the Crown Prince, and her marriage to the piano-manufacturer F. Alt, his narrative has color, strength, and fascination. And Hans's first school experiences, his "prison years" in the Imperial Gymnasium, are written in the best tradition of Schnitzler and Werfel. Later on, however, world politics enter the scene and the house in the Annagasse; there are Schuschnigg and Dollfuss, Hitler and Starhemberg, and what has started as a charming variation of the Mayerling story becomes a political novel of too large a scope to hold together. Perhaps the author felt this himself because he has inserted a slightly melodramatic murder episode which adds suspense to the story but fails to merge completely with the flow of the narrative. It is towards the very end that the author finds himself again.

There are some delightful details in the book. An Austrian's description of life in New York makes fun of us in a disarming way; the figure of a smooth and blackmailing Rumanian publisher is done with a touch of superbly deft irony—his son, of course, becomes an ardent crusader for Aryanization after having rid his name of the less Teutonic sounding syllables. Ernst Lothar's philosophy, his speculation on the ultimate mission of Europe—or Vienna—in its relation to the United States seems to me a bit of nebulous and wishful, though never dull, speculation. His description of the Festival in Salzburg will, beyond question, move many a reader to nostalgic remembrances of things irrevocably past.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 521)

G. SANTAYANA:

PERSONS AND PLACES

Early New England learning had been founded on accurate Latin and a spellbound constant reading of the Bible. In the Harvard of my day neither Latin nor the Bible flowed through these Professors and made their spiritual lives.

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Emancipation from Tribal Influence

CANAPE-VERT. By Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. Translated by Edward LaRocque Tinker. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE winner of the Second Latin American Literary Prize Competition is important for more reasons than the excellence—which is high—of its literary structure. "Canape-Vert" is a pioneer, a pilgrim, in fact, walking among us with a story to tell and a lesson to teach. It is the first novel to appear in English giving a picture of Haitian life from the viewpoint of the Haitians themselves—it was written by two Haitians, brothers; it is a "regional" novel of native life on the Caribbean islands; it is a treatise on voodoo which gives a sensible and completely understandable picture of this over-glamorized remnant of the mystery religions. But for Americans who are interested in the Negroes of their own country, and the problem they present, it has a special significance.

In the United States the Negro slaves almost totally lost connection with Africa, forgetting their folklore and their tribal customs along with their religion and their language. In Haiti the uprooting was less successful. With a climate and a geography similar in many respects to those they had left; with fewer white masters (and these mostly French, who were tolerant of native habits); and with a community life which allowed freedom of individual and group expression—with these advantages the Haitian Negroes succeeded in transplanting a large portion of their African culture, and it survives to this day. They also transposed the French language into a Creole which is quite their own. The Roman Catholic religion they accepted as an exterior coating, a gloss, but no more than that. On Saturday night the drums of the Vodun beat; on Sunday morning the drum-beaters chant the litany. It is all the same to them. The world is full of people, the air is full of gods. You pay your money and you take your choice.

Thus Haiti offers a study of the Negro in transition. He is freed of the negative, smothering tribal influence which made change impossible in Africa. He is surrounded at all times with the opportunity to "progress." But the opportunity is not pressed; he can take it or leave it. Thus advancement, or change, or evolution, however you may wish to name it, proceeds naturally. And it is this natural change, this subtle development from an unselfconscious member of a group to a self-assured, self-directing individual which is illustrated so vividly in "Canape-Vert."

Aladin, Florina, Grande Da, Tonton Bossa, Judge Dor, Sor Cicie, all the characters of the story, believe in the pantheon of the Vodun cult: Damballa Oueddo, the Master of Heaven; Papa Legba, guardian of the gate; Grande Erzilie, chief female deity; Baron Samedi, Lord of the Cemetery; General Anglessou, the "Bucket of Blood." They are convinced that in all matters of importance these *loas and mysterés* are concerned, and that in matters of morals they are vitally interested and will take action within a short time. Here, of course, is the point at which the amount of change or evolution can be measured, for the emergence into self-consciousness is marked by the assumption by the individuality of this moral judgment, to be dispensed in the private hells of schizophrenia and neurasthenia—a conception which the mystic replaces by a projection of the imperfection into the future, there to be encountered by the individual when he seeks to return with his self-knowledge to the source of his pattern (on which he has sewed, he discovers, an imperfect design). The characters in "Canape-Vert" are at the same stage as those in the Greek and Shakespearian tragedies. They determine to express their personal opinions and satisfy their desires in the face of certain anger on the part of the gods. Swiftly they are pursued and relentlessly they are punished. Aladin wants Florina, Judge Vor wants Tonton Bossa's land, José takes Florina, Tonton Bossa drinks the three drops. Blood flows, and wind and rain tear through the town like angels of destruction. General Anglessou mounts Aladin, and the tree of wickedness which grew from a small seed of desire blossoms in the thick, heavy night of the tropics. Over them all hangs the fear of becoming a zombi, a soul returned to unconsciousness, the precious individuality lost.

The story is beautifully told. The brothers who wrote it are poets, and they have written about the peasants of their country in lean, rhythmic prose that never uses ten words where one will do the trick. The picture they paint is full and detailed, but the fulness and detail are trapped in adverbial phrases and quick sentences that blossom into a dozen meanings when slowly read. The repressed and the sentimental may find the violence and simplicity of the book's action hard to take, but any mature person will thoroughly enjoy it, and find matter for contemplation when he considers that these Haitian peasants are the same people as our American Negroes, from whom we are inclined to expect a great deal of cultural advancement in return for a limited attempt to understand a basic evolutionary problem.

There have been some fine novels by and about American Negroes, but none will teach the white reader as much about the soul of his black brother as this brief, simple tragedy of Haitian peasant life.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

POETIC EXCLAMATIONS

Quoted below are fifteen famous poetic exclamations. How many of them do you recall? Allowing 7 points if you can name the poet who wrote each one, and another 3 if you can name the poem from which it was taken, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 23.

1. Ah, take one consideration with another,
   The policeman's life is not a happy one!
2. Alas, it is a fearful thing
   To feel another's guilt!
3. Alone, alone, all, all alone,
   Alone on a wide wide sea!
4. Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
5. But when to mischief mortals bend their will
   How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
6. God's in his heaven—
   All's right with the world!
7. Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
8. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
   When fond recollection restores them to view!
9. Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
   And flesh and blood so cheap!
10. Oh, what a tangled web we weave
    When first we practise to deceive!

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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MELETUS RIDES AGAIN

News Item: *Washington. Representative Andrew J. May, Kentucky, has protested against Army distribution of the pamphlet, "The Races of Mankind," by Dr. Ruth F. Benedict and Dr. Gene Weltfis, both of Columbia University. Congressman May charged that the pamphlet contained a reference to 1917 American Army intelligence tests showing that Northern Negroes from certain states made higher median scores than Southern whites from Mississippi, Kentucky, and Arkansas. (The pamphlet explained that such differences came about "not because people were from the North or the South, or because they were white or black, but because of difference in income, education, cultural advantages, and other opportunities.) Congressman May said that as a result of his protest the Army would drop the pamphlet. "It won't be distributed by the Army," he declared. "If it is, we will have plenty to say and it will be said right on the floor of the House. It has no place in the Army program."*

* * *

ATHENIAN STREET SCENE

A National Tragedy in One Act

Anytus: And did you hear, Meletus, how they all stood around and cried like babies when the old man died?

Meletus: The fools. It made me laugh to see the way grown men would drool at his feet. Well, I hope they will profit from the lesson of what happens to men of that stamp.

Anytus: They say the old man blabbed for more than two hours before he finally twitched his last. And that young Plato, with the tears fresh on his cheeks, came away and wrote it all down so that everyone would know.

Meletus: How stupid. Doesn't he know we will destroy it, and him, too. But I never could understand that young idiot anyway. And it's all the old man's fault. He had the kid under his thumb from the start. Well, it is about time he got what he deserved. Too bad we didn't prefer charges against him long ago. And do you know, Anytus, that my own son was beginning to come under his spell?

Anytus: Yes, and mine, too. A dangerous man, Anytus, a dangerous man. We mustn't let it happen again. It makes me shudder to think of all the young men whose minds were poisoned with all that heretical nonsense. What was the word we used in our charge, Meletus?

Meletus: Mental corruption.

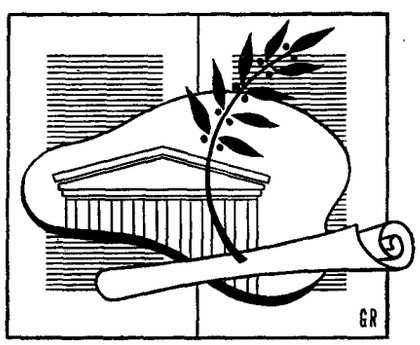
Anytus: Yes, that's it: mental corruption. There was hardly a youth able to escape it. A couple of more years of that subversive dry rot, Meletus, and this country would be completely overrun by the intellectuals.

Meletus: But I'm worried now. We have got to act fast. Just getting rid of Socrates isn't enough. We thought our troubles were over when we got rid of Anaxagoras, and who should turn up but that scoundrel Protagoras. And just disposing of him and his book didn't give us any rest, either. I tell you, Anytus, we have got to clean out the entire crowd. That's the only way.

Anytus: But we've got to move very carefully. I wouldn't rush matters too much. As it was, the vote against Socrates wasn't as overwhelming as we had thought. And I doubt whether we could have pushed through charges right there and then against his followers, too. Don't forget that we had a majority of only sixty votes out of 501.

Meletus: But still a majority. Actually the old man never had a chance. I have to laugh every time I think of the way the crowd roared when old Socrates, asked to state his profession, said he was a midwife! Everyone yowled so hard they didn't hear him say that he helped to bring ideas to birth out of laboring minds! Laboring minds! Haw! That's a good one.

Anytus: Yes, it was funny all right. By Jupiter, Anytus, the old man was even uglier than I had supposed. Did you ever in your life see such a nose? And that curly, uncombed hair of his! Do you know, Meletus, I shouldn't be surprised if he had slave blood in his veins.



Meletus: That blood, alas, is already contaminating too many of our people. That reminds me. Did you hear what the old man was supposed to have told those young kids just before he took the cup?

Anytus: Wasn't it something about misology or misogyny?

Meletus: Misology, Anytus, misology. I got my son to write it down for me. Here's what the old fool said: "Athens is endangered by misologists. Just as there are misanthropists or haters of men, so are there also misologists—the haters of ideas. Both spring from the same curse, which is ignorance of the world."

Anytus: Why, I believe he's talking about us. The ungrateful fool. We should have had him killed years ago.

Meletus: And make no mistake about it, Anytus, there are other libertarians—many of them—who feel exactly the way he did. That is why we have to move quickly. I tell you the temper of the council is favorable. We've already been able to convince them of the subversive menace of the old man. They're worried. I believe we should lose no time in preparing new charges against all his satellites.

Anytus: But won't we be overreaching ourselves? Suppose all the intellectuals should join forces against us.

Meletus: Impossible. You might as soon expect the moon to come to their defense. I don't have to tell you that the intellectuals are hopelessly split among themselves. Did you see the way most of them walked out on old Socrates? They're so preoccupied with their own caterwauling and back-biting and sniping that they won't pay any attention to us until it's too late. Look at the Sophists; why, they're suffocating in the blankets of their own tortured reasoning. Everything is so relative with them that they wouldn't lift a hand in their self-defense since there would probably be a question in their own minds as to whether they were actually being attacked, or whether the attacker was only a figment of their own imagination. By Zeus, I believe you would have to turn a knife in their back at least three times before you could convince them it was real.

Anytus: As you say, Meletus. You know you can count on me. When do we begin?

Meletus: At once. The intellectuals have had their way for too long a time with their alien ideas. We have got to return to the ways of our forefathers. What's good enough for Draco is good enough for me!

Anytus: Yes, Meletus, he was a great man—Draco—a great man.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Welcome Home for the Incurable Controversy

SIR: Mr. Ernest S. Gohn [*SRL,* March 11], asks the question, a rhetorical question addressed to Miss Kerr, "Are we to gather that German is not beautiful, and does not have a great literature?" The answer is that we are justified in gathering both of these things. The answer to the first question is doubtless conditioned in the individual case by the possession or lack of esthetic sensibilities. The line that he quotes from the "Lorelei" in support of the charm of German utterance should have been carried on to the next line, *Dass ich so traurig bin.* It is hardly conceivable that an American poet of any weight whatever could write *That I so cheerless am* as a line of poetry. I should apologize for cheerless, but "sad" is a one-syllable word.

Now, in the sense in which Greek, French, Russian, English, or American literature is a great literature, German literature is not great. When Goethe was writing his maudlin "Sorrows of Werther" and the structural card-house of "Wilhelm Meister," Defoe had written "Robinson Crusoe" and Fielding had given him an artist's model in "Tom Jones."

Some years ago my little university (Drake) English club was making a comparative study of English, French, German, and American short stories. As I learned afterward the student to whom I had assigned a German story for the program was very skeptical about it. He could not believe that the story was a representative good German story. Privately, therefore, he consulted the German professor to make sure that I had not stacked the cards. The professor of German assured him that the story in question was a good German story—as no doubt German stories went. The student was quite right in thinking that the story was not at the level of the other stories that we were reading. It was at the level of German fiction and German literature. Down the years that has been relatively a childish thing.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH,
Dean Emeritus.
Drake University,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Good Writers on S. A.

SIR: I have just finished reading the article, "You, Too, Can Write a Book About South America!" Mr. Stimson has hit upon a long neglected wrong to both the readers of this country and to the inhabitants of South America.

However, Mr. Stimson gives the impression that all books thus far that treat the South American scene are jammed with misinformation. And that misimpression must be shared by you, too. Certainly many worthwhile books on South America have been written. Many of these have authentic backgrounds and are the works of writers familiar with the customs and manners of the inhabitants. Thus, far, it's rare that American reviewers make any note of this fact. Rather, they seem far more ready to fling vitriolic criticisms at the writers in a wholesale and condemnatory fashion.

In the past two or three weeks, three books in particular refute Mr. Stimson's article. "Bay of Silence," "Doctora in Mexico," and a third, a novel written by an American writer who is the exception of Mr. Stimson's rule. But thus far, in my weekly reading of the *SRL,* there's been no mention of "Heaven Is For the Angels," by Estelle Schrott. I've just finished reading it and feel that it shows up the typical stupidity of us Americans. It definitely is the answer for the strained relations between the two continents and even though it happens to be a novel, it would be well worth reading by our "ambassadors of ill-will," as Miss Schrott calls them.

ELLEN STANONLIS.
New York City, N. Y.

"Gustave—are you smiling or sneering?"

SIR: In looking over copies of my manuscript, I find that somehow or other, a terrible mistake was made. The Senator I refer to is Butler, not Burton. It is a toss-up which would be more provoked at such a mistake. I don't know how this happened, and am not sure whether the mistake is also in the copies I sent you or not.

FREDERICK S. STIMSON.
Medellín, Colombia, S. A.

Pidgeonia Requested

SIR: By an interesting coincidence, I was just about to write you to ask your readers here and in England for Pidgeonia, when I came across Mr. Wyndham Glovers's letter [*SRL,* March 11].

I am glad to be able to confirm Mr. Glovers's findings about the quotation cited. Meanwhile, I wonder if any of your readers might have any letters or memorabilia that I might scrutinize for a projected multi-volume biography of Samuel Pidgeon. What I am particularly interested in would be any papers throwing additional light on Sir Samuel's remarkable correspondence with T. E. Lawrence, and also his long and inconclusive campaign against the sugar-beet industry.

Needless to say, any materials sent me will be returned in good condition.

HENRY MEYERS.
Silvermine, Conn.

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TRADE Winds

DURING THE three-week period I was on holiday, a number of familiar faces disappeared forever from the literary scene: John Macrae, colorful and doughty publisher of the old school; Frederick Niven, author of that neglected masterpiece, "Justice of the Peace"; Ralph Henry Barbour, whose "Crimson Sweater," "Weatherby's Inning," and "Honor of the School" were delights of my boyhood; John Thomason, swashbuckling historian of World War I, and author of "Fix Bayonets"; Joe Lincoln, who rewrote the same Cape Cod chronicle year after year to the never-ending delight of an audience that asked for nothing more; Irvin Cobb, outstanding American humorist; and—most distressing to me personally—lovable, querulous, affection-craving old Hendrik Van Loon, whose unfinished autobiography, "Report to Saint Peter," has been delivered by this time, I hope, in person.

I spoke to Hendrik the day before I left New York; we arranged a radio talk on Bolivar to be given upon my return. "Your audience will think we're talking about a watch," he told me gloomily, and complained of various aches and pains. His friends had been listening to such talk for twenty-five years, however, and I thought little of it. On the morning of his death, he arose early, feeling particularly chipper, and read his morning paper. He liked the valedictory that Irvin Cobb had left behind, directing that his (Cobb's) ashes be used to fertilize a dogwood tree at planting season in Paducah. Hendrik cut the item out, and wrote a letter to his son, a lieutenant abroad with the Navy, about it. He sealed the envelope, relaxed in his chair—and died. . . .

BOOKTRADE NEWS of a more cheerful nature included the return of Bill Sloane from a lengthy survey of postwar publishing possibilities in China; the selection of John Hersey's brilliant "A Bell for Adano" as the new "Imperative" (the second time Hersey has won that distinction); the appointments of Stanley Salmen as new director of the Atlantic Monthly Press, Philip Wylie as editor of Farrar and Rinehart, and Angus Cameron as Editor-in-Chief of Little, Brown; and the addition of Robert Linscott to the executive editorial board of Random House. . . . For many years the first thing that most literary folk did when they hit Boston was to pick up a phone and call Bob Linscott. It will be hard to realize for a while that he is now a New Yorker. To my way of thinking, he is one of the great editors of our time. . . .

Several important last-minute additions have been made to the Spring book lists. Walter Lippmann is completing a new one for Little, Brown, called "U. S. War Aims." Whittlesey House is preparing a collection of selected writings of the late Raymond Clapper. Roger Duvoisin is illustrating a new edition of "A Child's Garden of Verses" for Heritage. Evelyn Waugh's superb "Vile Bodies" is back in print. Hastings House sponsors Lejaren Hiller's engrossing compilation of portrait studies, "Surgery Through the Ages." (The text is by Paul Benton and John Hewlett.) Ellin Berlin's first novel, "Land I Have Chosen," is on the Doubleday list. A book called "Argentine Diary" is heralded as the first uncensored, eye-witness story of the ominous goings-on in Buenos Aires. And last but not least, that distinguished savant, James Schnozzola Durante, vows that he is writing his autobiography for Simon and Schuster. . . .

WHEN ANDRÉ MAUROIS went to North Africa last Spring on a special mission for the Fighting French, he had heard no word of his son for over two years. This son had been an officer in the French Army. Maurois could only hope that he had been taken prisoner somewhere, unharmed. In Casablanca, he heard that Frenchmen who lived only to lick the Nazis were being smuggled across the Mediterranean by the hundreds each week. "Come with me and watch them when they arrive," suggested a friend. Maurois went with his notebook in hand. The first boy who came in that night was his son!

Maurois was a guest of Fanny Butcher's in Chicago. He told her a story about General Mark Clark's contact mission in North Africa that bears repetition. The rendezvous was very hush-hush, of course, and the French officers detailed to meet the Clark party grew more and more tense as the night wore on without a hint of the prearranged signal. Suddenly the little boat which held Clark and his men glided silently into view. One French officer, a Colonel Watson (his father was English) could wait no longer. He waded waist-deep into the water, and extended a hand to the American officer in the prow of the boat.

"Watson," he identified himself.

"And I," said the American, "am Captain Holmes. I think, my dear Watson, that we have met before." The tension was broken. The vital business of the evening proceeded in an atmosphere of mutual amity and trust. . . .

Miss Butcher had a story to tell Maurois, too. She had just been listening to "Information Please" on the air. One question floored her—and the contestants: "What labor union do grave-diggers belong to?" The answer, she swears, is "The Amalgamated Canners and Packers." She's willing to bet money on it. . . .

SHERLOCK HOLMES is back in the limelight with a vengeance this Spring. Chris Morley has edited a volume of the best Conan Doyle stories about Holmes for Harcourt. S. and S. are preparing "Profile by Gaslight: An Irregular Reader about the Private Life of Sherlock Holmes." And Ellery Queen has collected an interesting assortment of tales by other authors who borrowed Doyle's great character —with or without permission—for their own purposes (Little, Brown). . . .

Carl Van Doren tells a story about Sherlock Holmes's arrival in Heaven. The angels turned out en masse to meet him; the Lord Himself descended from his throne to bid him welcome.

"Holmes," He said, "to be perfectly frank, We have a little mystery of our Own up here which you may be able to help Us solve. Adam and Eve seem to have disappeared. Nobody has been able to locate them for aeons. If you could possibly uncover them for Us. . . ."

Holmes darted to the fringe of the assemblage, and hauled two frightened, thoroughly surprised angels before the Lord. "Here they are," he said briefly.

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"Thought we'd pick up that little $2,000 bundle you told the newspapers we were stupid enough to leave behind last night."

Adam and Eve readily admitted their identities. "We got tired of being stared at and asked for autographs by every darn new angel who came up here," they explained. "We assumed aliases and these simple disguises and got away with them for centuries until this smarty-pants ferreted us out."

"How did you do it?" marveled the Lord.

"Elementary, my dear God," said Sherlock Holmes. "They were the two who had no navels." . . .

FRANKLIN SPIER AND AARON SUSSMAN, publishers' advertising counsels, are dissolving a most successful partnership, and going their separate ways on May first. Neither will lack for clients. . . . Phil Duschnes has the "Fifty Books of the Year," chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, on convenient display in his Fifty-sixth Street shop. . . . Esther Forbes will spend part of her time doing editorial chores for Houghton Mifflin; Lee Kingman is the new head of the juvenile department there. . . . New definition of a meteorologist: a man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell whether. . . . Lieut. Col. Vincent Sheean is home on leave. Lin Yutang will be back in a few weeks. . . . Somebody heard that George Jean Nathan had been living at the Royalton Hotel for over thirty years. "Isn't it time you were moving?" he asked. "Time I was moving!" echoed Nathan. "Moving is for sailboats!" . . . Sean O'Casey has a notion for a new play that will make him a popular fellow in Dublin. In the third act denouement, St. Patrick turns out to be an Englishman. . . . MGM perused the galley sheets of A. J. Cronin's new novel, "The Green Years," and put $200,000 on the line for it. . . . Two crackerjack mystery stories for a long train ride: Helen Reilly's "The Opening Door" (new), and Raymond Chandler's "Farewell My Lovely" (available in a Pocket Book edition). This fellow Chandler will do until Hammett gets back into the groove. I've ordered copies of every book he ever wrote. . . .

AND THAT JUST about brings me up to date, and to the newest story from Washington. An officer, home from strenuous service overseas, was assigned to a desk job in the Pentagon Building. Each day for a week he shifted the location of his desk—next to the window, away from the window, into a corridor, and finally into the men's wash room. "He must be shell shocked," the authorities figured, but the officer had a different explanation. "It's the only place around here," he said grimly, "where people seem to know what they're doing."

BENNETT CERF.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A noted anthropologist takes stock of the made-over ape who has become one of the toughest, most tenacious, most adaptable of all animals

MANKIND SO FAR

by William Howells

"Man may represent the high-water mark of evolution, but otherwise he fits readily enough into the great framework of natural history, and that is how he should be judged." From this beginning, the whole story of the evolution of the "animal that wears clothes" unfolds in simple, dramatic sequence. Though it ends with man as he is today, a fascinating final chapter projects his future possible development to 1,000,000 A.D.

Here is the most exciting story science has to tell, and its perfect chronicler is William Howells, of the American Museum of Natural History. Written with wit as well as wisdom and authority, his MANKIND SO FAR belongs on your shelf with *Man's Rough Road* and the books of Earnest A. Hooton. 319 pages, with 60 illustrations.

American Museum of Natural History Science Series

At your bookseller's $4.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Do You Remember Little Willie?

Compared to Him, Attila Was a Piker

DOROTHY WYNN DOWNES

"LITTLE WILLIE, in disguise,
Poked out both his sister's eyes;
Stepped on them to make them pop.
Mother said, "Now Willie, stop."

Don't tell me you've forgotten Little Willie, that unutterably ruthless scamp of the turn of the century who progressed from one heartless activity to the next, with a vivacity born only of utter devotion to his work. Take, for instance, the time that:

Into the cistern little Willie
Pushed his little sister, Lillie;
Mother couldn't find her daughter,
So now we sterilize our water.

Can anyone doubt, after reading the following bit of doggeral, that Little Willie was taken a great deal more seriously in Germany, Italy, and Japan than he ever was in the United States?

Little Willie poached his sister
On the kitchen range.
"My," said mother, coming in,
"Don't the room smell strange?"

The explanation of why one group of people should take seriously what another group laughs at is obvious. The Europeans view their lives as being real and earnest, while to their American cousins, life is "just a bowl of cherries," according to a song which we merry Americans sang not so long ago. The difference in Continental psychologies should be proof of the difference between the little Hermanns and little Heinrichs on one hand, and the little lads who became the men who are making our democracy great today.

Little Will killed so many members of his immediate family that it makes the revelations by "intimate friends" of Hitler's pall into insignificance. He did away with innumerable sisters in various ingenuous ways, and even managed to kill off an occasional baby brother:

Willie scalped his baby brother,
Left him lying hairless;
"Willie," said his worried mother,
"You are getting careless."

This first Public Enemy Number One didn't stop at the boundary of his immediate family. His deadly path leads on to his uncles and aunts:

Willie pushed his Aunt Elizer
Off a rock into a geyser,
Now he's feeling quite dejected,
Didn't get the rise that he expected.

The truly patient Prue of the Little Willie series was his mother. While she can scarcely be adjudged a woman of culture, she possessed all of the savoir faire of a true woman of the world. Sometimes there was a fine feeling of careless abandon in her chiding of this, her favorite child; sometimes a note of calm despair crept in:

Willie poisoned father's tea.
Father died in agony.
Mother looked extremely vexed,
"Really, Will," she said, "What next?"

Never was she really angry with her imprudent son. Perhaps she was a student of child psychology, obviously neglecting her English courses in favor of further study in her chosen field. Even when the joke was on herself, she bore it with patient endurance:

Willie dropped a worm that wriggled
In his mother's cup of tea.
When she saw the joke, she giggled:
"Ain't he smart as he can be?"

Father, who must have been a patient man, while never playing the prominent part that mother did in Master Willie's life, came in for his share of Willie-caused plights. There was the time that:

Willie, with a fearful curse,
Threw the coffee pot at nurse.
As it struck her on the nose,
Father said, "How straight he throws."

Willie wasn't the product of one mind. His earliest beginnings have been attributed to Julia A. Moore, known as "The Sweet Singer of Michigan." In 1876 her first volume of poetry was published. It contained a "Little Henry" and a "Little Susan," but not a word of Little Willie. Miss Moore's book became as popular as "pink toothbrush"—everybody had it. Clement Wood, in his book, "The Craft of Poetry," says of Miss Moore's volume, "It became the stamping ground of newspaper humorists and parodists overnight; and among Miss Moore's amazing obituary successors was:

Willie had a purple monkey climbing
on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off
it made him deathly sick;
And in his latest hours he clasped
that monkey in his hand;
And bade goodby to earth and went
to a better land.
Oh! No more he'll shoot his sister
with his little wooden gun;
No more he'll twist the pussy's tail
and make her yowl, for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out
straight; the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since
little Willie died.

This," Mr. Wood continues, "was written in dreadful earnestness."

To Col. D. Streamer (Harry Graham) goes credit for giving Little Willie the impetus that propelled him to fame. In 1902 the Colonel's book, "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," was published. In it appeared what is probably the best known Little Willie, in the guise of Little Billy:

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to
ashes;
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.

From then on Willies flowed freely from almost every quill in the nation, and it was a case of every man for himself and may the best quatrain win.

All Little Willies were not quatrains, however. Some had five lines, others six, many had eight, and some few even more. One of the sextains, with a pun ending goes:

Willie got some Japalac,
Very shiny, very black,
Caught his little sister, Sou;
Willie said, "This is on you."
Little Sou was dumb with fear,
So Willie left a Sou-veneer.

Willie was definitely a national trend away from the Horatio Alger type, in which good was always rewarded, with interest. And perhaps it was Little Willie, and not Edgar Allan Poe, who cast the shadow foretelling the coming of the public's bent for the gruesome in literature. What could be more horrible than:

Little Willie hung his sister,
She was dead before we missed her.
Willie's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

Or:

Little Willie, with the shears,
Cut off both the baby's ears.
This made baby so unsightly,
Mother raised her eyebrows—slightly.

But it takes a boy with true depth

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of character to accept the punishment that he, himself, gives. Such a lad was Willie:

Willie put a pin in sister's eye,
Just to see if she would cry.
She returned the compliment,
For, on pleasure, both were bent.

Willie, like all boys, was inclined to be lazy. He would have made a likely competitor for Tom Sawyer, had they ever met. Tom found a means for getting his fence whitewashed without inconveniencing himself, but, after all, another spring would come, and the fence would need another application from the old tin pail. Willie, demonstrating characteristic ingenuity, solved this difficulty for all time:

From the spring poor Willie had to
Water fetch each morn and night.
Willie, to escape this labor,
Blew it up with dynamite.
What they would do for water
Willie did not know or care;
But his heart was glad within him,
For the spring was in the air.

Obviously the young Mussolini, Hitler, and Hirohito didn't have the opportunity to read all of the Little Willies. Some of the most valuable ones must have been omitted from their translations. Most of these picture Willie's sad end. No two biographers of the saga of Little Willie agree as to the manner through which he met his death. One would have it that:

Willie, and two other brats,
Licked up all the Rough-on-Rats.
Father said, when mother cried,
"Never mind, they'll die outside."

Another gives this version:

Little Willie fell down the elevator.
Wasn't found till six days later.
All the neighbors said, "Gee whiz,
What a spoiled boy Willie is!"

While a third account goes like this:

Willie, while the ice was thin,
Tried to skate, and he fell in.
Willie tasted rather nice,
When the pond was cut for ice.

But by far the most complete account of Willie's demise is:

Little Willie, from the mirror,
Licked the mercury all off.
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure the whooping cough.
At the funeral, Will's mother,
Said to neighbor, Mrs. Brown,
"'Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

The fate by far the most appropriate to mark the end of the Axis is the one Little Willie suffered when:

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.

BEN HECHT'S REVERSIBLE WEAPONS

(*Continued from page 5*)

fundamental weakness of his book—is that this homicidal impulse (the psychological content of race hatred) which is present to a greater or less degree among all peoples, can be eliminated only through a long, long process of education and spiritual evolution, whereas the more dangerous and destructive manifestations of these impulses can be kept in check, by social, political, and economic controls.

THAT brings me to *my* thesis. Anti-Semitism (or any other form of race hatred) in the world today—and I have little interest in remote causes or ancient historic examples—is an implement of fascism or of counter-revolution, a technique for the retention or seizure of power by an existing or potential ruling clique. All Germans are murderers, says Mr. Hecht. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that they are. But in World War I, there were no mass pogroms, either within Germany or in the occupied countries. The reason is that Germany was strong, prosperous, confident, and united, and, what is more, the ruling oligarchy was firmly in the saddle. It was not necessary to whip the people into line, by offering them a means of gratifying their sadistic desires. Mr. Hecht tells us, himself, that he saw no evidence of anti-Semitism in the Germany of 1919. It was a brief period of hope, when the vision of democracy and security brightened momentarily the German horizon. When that hope faded, Hitler rode to power on a wave of despair. He appealed to the worst elements in Germany, when their morale was at its lowest. I state this as a fact, because I heard him address a crowd of 100,000, in Berlin, in 1932. He did not waste time talking about the economic problems that had reduced these people to hopelessness. He whipped up their passions, their resentments, their lust for revenge—blind, sadistic revenge, upon no matter

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whom: and the Jews offered a ready-made target.

In the last twenty-five pages of his book—and how I wish he had begun that book on page 250!—Mr. Hecht with his usual penetration begins to examine the problem of fascism in America. He skilfully lays bare the fascist stratification. At the bottom, the riff-raff, the dregs of society; then the frustrated, unsuccessful shopkeepers and white-collar workers (they are the solid majority of the Nazi party); next, the crackpots and professional cheer leaders; finally, the egomaniacal would-be Napoleons. He omits one stratum: the big industrialists, who, when they see no other means of self-preservation will provide the motive power that will set the whole sinister machinery in motion. (At one point, Mr. Hecht indignantly describes an execution of political prisoners in the Moabit prison in Berlin, in 1919. A few pages later he is talking about a strike in Illinois and says, ironically: "That was a happy time, in which rich people allowed policemen and rifle squads to straighten out all their economic problems." But the significance of this juxtaposition does not seem to occur to him.)

The problem of anti-Semitism, then, is one phase of the problem of democracy. We must leave to the long processes of evolution the extirpation of destructive passions from the hearts of men. But what we can do, today, is sterilize the social soil in which these passions germinate. In the post-war world, there will be tens of millions of men and women in whom hatred has become deeply ingrained, who have been inured to bloodshed and destruction and to whom death is a commonplace. If they cannot find employment, if they are denied political rights and economic security, if a sense of injustice and defeat rankles in their breasts, they will be ready recruits for the storm troops of any senator or radio priest or transatlantic flier who covets power; and they will take up, eagerly, as a battle cry: "Kill all the Jews," for, to the despairing and the desperate, the more irrational and destructive the slogan, the better.

I wish Mr. Hecht would conquer his distaste for political and economic facts. I wish he would stop admiring Nietschze, who said that a good war hallows any cause and whose nonsense about the "slave morality" of the Jews has been parroted by every Nazi spellbinder. I wish he would devote his great talents to prescribing the social prophylaxis by which race prejudice can be localized and kept under control. For anti-Semitism is only a symptom: it is merely one of the feverish hallucinations of a diseased social order.

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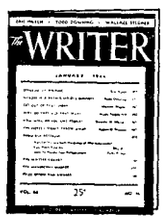

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Chinese Civilization and Politics Today

THE MAKING OF MODERN CHINA: A Short History. By Owen and Eleanor Lattimore. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1944. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

THIS is the only book of its kind, a brief, popular, but authoritative history of China from the early Shang period to the present. It is a successful attempt to visualize China both steadily and as a whole, for the better understanding of the American public. Of necessity highly generalized, it achieves perspective somewhat in the manner of the ten thousand *li* landscape paintings of the Sung dynasty, yet it has plenty of depth for any reader. The authors leave many controversial stones unturned in the immediate foreground, but seldom fail to indicate the possibility of scorpions underneath.

Owen Lattimore and his gifted wife have each written several valuable books on Asia, and have lived a large part of their lives in China. They write not only from first-hand experience, but only of a keen and sympathetic interest in China and all its problems, both historical and immediate. One of the useful features of their book is its analysis of China in relation to the bordering areas of Mongolia, Turkistan, and other regions, a subject on which Lattimore is the standard authority. As they state: "One of the master keys to Chinese history is an understanding of the balance of power between China and the 'barbarians' of the outlying regions."

The book will be of special interest to many because Owen Lattimore recently served as political advisor to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. No state secrets are imparted, however, and the point of view is strictly objective and non-controversial, if such a thing is possible in describing some of the tense problems in China today.

China's history is succinctly narrated in four sections: The Land and the People, dealing with geographical and social factors; The Oldest Living Civilization, describing the rise and fall of dynasties from about 2766 B.C. to the Boxer Rebellion in 1900; Modern China, from the 1911 Revolution to Pearl Harbor; and Today and Tomorrow, an interesting discussion of the present problems of democracy, centralization, and local government, industrial coöperatives, women, education, post-war relations with Asia and the rest of the world.

The Lattimores are very fair, though a little lenient, in explaining several policies of the Chinese government and the Kuomintang during the present war, such as the theory of "magnetic warfare," "trading space for time," unification by dictatorial methods and increased Kuomintang control, etc. A few of their statements should not pass unchallenged, however, such as this (p. 182): "China is a democratic country in the sense that the Party and the government represent what the vast majority of the people want."

An important point is brought up: "The Kuomintang, as the party that controls the government, has yet to make a great historical decision—

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whether it will champion the interests of the people as a whole, or itself submit to domination by the landlords who are the strongest survivors of the old society of China." I do not find sufficient recognition of the extent to which the latter alternative had already occurred, and it is a question whether the Kuomintang as such controls the governing power, except civil administration in Chungking, or whether the landlords and allied forces are not absorbing the Kuomintang as a liaison instrument to help prevent the spread of peasant unrest which has already occurred in several provinces, and to check the influence of the reforms instituted by the Communists—which idea has spread to a population of perhaps fifty million in guerilla areas. Since the Kuomintang lost its modern middle-class economic base in 1938 after the fall of Hankow and Canton to Japan, the Chungking government has been dependent on the old landlord system of the interior for economic support, except for foreign aid.

This is a basic reason for the anti-democratic swing to the Right which began in 1939 and 1940, and which may result in civil war. The reinstitution of the old *pao chia* system with the aid of the Kuomintang is a reversion to landlord control, not a progressive measure. The section on "Centralization and Local Government" in the Lattimores's book raises a question in the mind of the reader as to whether or not the Kuomintang policy described will have "revolutionary consequences" as indicated or the contrary, by establishing closer coöperation between the landlord system and the Kuomintang.

That "The Making of Modern China" is essential reading on the subject goes without saying, and it is important that it should reach the broadest public possible. Such a short, readable study of China has been badly needed in these busy war days, and the Lattimores have brilliantly filled the requirement.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. W. S. Gilbert: "The Policeman's Lot."
2. Oscar Wilde: "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."
3. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."
4. Tennyson: "Break, Break, Break."
5. Alexander Pope: "The Rape of the Lock."
6. Robert Browning: "Pippa Passes."
7. Shelley: "To A Skylark."
8. Samuel Woodworth: "The Old Oaken Bucket."
9. Thomas Hood: "The Song of the Shirt."
10. Sir Walter Scott: "Marmion."

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The Phoenix Nest

WHAT LIBERAL FRONT?

I NOTE as dangerous a certain type of name-calling recently indulged in by George Creel in a "fighting" article defending Secretary Hull from attacks by his critics. The article appeared in *Collier's*, a national magazine with a large circulation. Mr. Creel bunched the Secretary's critics all together as "the self-styled Liberal Front." To my mind a genuinely bad thing was Mr. Creel's branding of

> the ideologists, emotionalists and fellow travelers who make up the self-styled Liberal Front. They want him [Hull] to import his policies from abroad, putting the interests of other countries above America's, while he insists on *home* products, holding to the old-fashioned theory that the welfare of the United States comes first.

Therefore, presumably, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Walter Lippmann, Bruce Bliven, Freda Kirchwey, Dorothy Thompson, the *New York Post*, *PM*, Samuel Grafton, Drew Pearson, and many others who have criticized Secretary Hull or certain of his policies, all want that, and are all of that ilk. In the summation to his article Mr. Creel lets fly again:

> Not that it matters to the muddled emotionalists, parlor pinks, fellow travelers and avowed Communists who form the self-styled Liberal Front.

They are indeed, terrible people; but are they all of them all of those things? Or what *is* Mr. Creel's "Liberal Front"? Does it reduce itself to Earl Browder? But I understand that Mr. Browder has now written to *Collier's* that he deeply respects Mr. Hull! And the Communists have had their hands full, since Mr. Creel wrote his article, explaining Stalin's recognition of Badoglio—even as Secretary Hull is now asking him to explain it! No; Mr. Creel says at one point, "reputable men and women, even reputable newspapers, joined in the hysterical hue and cry."

But surely it is ill-advised in the extreme, and by no means serving the Secretary's cause, to lump all his critics together as something to sneer at —"The Liberal Fronters ought to be a pushover," and then call them all sorts of names. Were Mr. Creel's argument for the Secretary's policies absolutely irrefutable and correct in every particular, it would still be a bad thing to make a mock of the word Liberal. Besides, it reduces itself to nonsense! Just the other night I heard Joseph C. Hartsch in "The Meaning of the News," over WABC, remark that, "Our cautious diplomatic policy has proceeded side by side with a tarnishing of the Moscow declarations." Can it be—O horror!—that Hartsch is a "fellow traveller"!

Mr. Creel puts the blame for many of our policies squarely on Congress. Another outspoken epithet-slinger, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, wouldn't like that! In the same week that I read Mr. Creel's article, I read of Captain Rickenbacker, at a public function, branding all critics of Congress as "termites."

These signs and omens do not augur well for free speech or reasonable argument. The times are full of public issues that demand a thorough airing. When it has been a question of criticism of the Administration (meaning one essentially gallant man in office) many high-sounding things have been said about free speech and the necessity for open and unhampered comment. But now, if you criticize him, Mr. Creel, well the pleasantest thing the Secretary of State'll call you will be a "muddled emotionalist."

In any event, as liberals, we can turn from such heated gentlemen and congratulate *The New York Times* upon the sanest and clearest statement of what is at issue in regard to the Soldier's Vote, and what makes practical good sense in the situation, in their editorial of March 9, called (with reference to Governor Dewey's proposal) "It Won't Work." In regard to the contention of the Departments of War and the Navy, *The Times* went on to say that "we fail to see any nonpartisan, nonpolitical reason for the furious opposition with which this proposal has been received in Congress and elsewhere." That will certainly make Captain Rickenbacker awfully mad!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 40

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 40 will be found in the next issue.

WROW, WROW ZI, ZI; WROW, WROW ZI SAW, ZI SAW; QTW WROW, WROW ZI SAW, ZI SAW WROW WROW ZI; SAC ZI WROW, WROW ZI, WROW WROW ZI SAW.

—OTWRAC TSDSAYS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 39

IN EVEN A MEDIOCRE ARTIST ONE SOMETIMES FIND A REMARKABLE MAN.

—F. W. NIETZSCHE.

—BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MISADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES *Ellery Queen, Editor* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Thirty-odd imitations, burlesques, etc., of the famous Sherlock with amiable notes by Mr. Queen.	Diverting mixture of talented and trivial material. "Must" for Sherlockians and pleasant pastime for all mystery fans.	*Pièce dé resistance*
THE ROPE BEGAN TO HANG THE BUTCHER *C. W. Grafton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Kentucky lawyer's first case quickly turns into double murder mystery. At price of smashed face he nabs killer.	Well-developed—although not entirely unguessable—plot; bevy of interesting characters—including the killer—and a likable and believable detective.	Very good
NO LITTLE ENEMY *Oliver Weld Bayer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Famous cartoonist and merchant-marine hero head bond-selling tour that produces three murders. Cartoonist gets his man.	Suspenseful and timely tale with more to it than meets the eye. Characters ably done and pay-off, 'tho telegraphed, a thriller.	Good stuff
FIVE WILL FREEZE *Margaret Millar* (Random House: $2.)	Driver of Canadian "sno-bus" vanishes and plunges passengers into maelstrom of murder and inexplicable happenings.	Bang-up thriller and excellent character study of group of conflicting personalities. Puzzle is rewarding, 'tho it tends to solve itself.	Worthwhile

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Miracles and a Dying Country

THE OUTNUMBERED. By Catherine Hutter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 356 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EMILY SCHOSSBERGER

IN this first novel Miss Hutter has assigned herself a very ambitious task: the story, fictionized, of a religious miracle, the stigmatization of Therese of Konnersreuth, woven into the pattern of Austria's last years. Though she does not seem to have attained fully what she set out to do, she has nevertheless come through with a thoroughly readable, absorbing, and in spots beautiful story.

The central figure of the novel is Feghe, a Jewish orphan girl who is taken into the house of rich Doctor Sappony, the owner of the fashionable turberculosis sanitarium at Strubl, in the midst of the Vienna Woods. Therese, the over-devout Catholic wife of the Jewish doctor, and Andrea, his head nurse, a militant Protestant, battle for the soul of the child who, however, makes her own choice, when she turns to love and worship her God in the Catholic fold. Dennis Seymour, a young Englishman who is a patient at the sanitarium, befriends her and proves the greatest influence in the life of the simple, humble girl who, though a servant, stands above and apart from class and race distinctions. As Feghe grows to womanhood, her sweet humility and saintliness develop, until drama reaches a high point when the miracle saves her life and makes the village in which she lives a place of pilgrimage in the midst of political upheaval.

Though hers is a beautiful story of strong faith—sometimes tinted, it seems, with colors that reflect a master's portrait of Bernadette—Feghe herself does not come completely to life. Nor do the meekness and gentleness of the outnumbered people triumph over the brute force of darkness by their humility: for they are permitted to escape by purely accidental circumstances when the brown flood of Nazism sweeps the valley and engulfs Austria.

Around this central figure moves a host of secondary characters, and though one is always conscious that they are planted to convey an idea, to symbolize certain strata of society, or a party, they are all very real and pulsating with life. The coarse and backward peasantry of this particular "neck of the woods"; the progressive school teacher who lives and literally dies for her social democratic ideals; the dissatisfied, double-crossing country doctor; the multinational clientele of the sanitarium; the beautiful Vienna society ladies—they all together, their fates and characters—are deftly woven into the story of Austria from 1924 to 1938.

Like so many authors of novels laid in the Europe before World War II, Miss Hutter is not entirely free from evaluation of past events in the light of present, prophecy in retrospect, as it were. But since she is writing for entertainment and not a political or sociological study, she should not be taken to task for a certain bias, or for lack of a certain accuracy which a description of Austria's last years would demand. There was certainly no air of doom, or staleness, hanging over the lovely Austrian countryside as early as 1924. And only very few persons, certainly not the majority, were aware that the country, unhappily divided into many parts, was headed for its doom.

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(*Continued on page* 26)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 25*)

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The Crostics Club

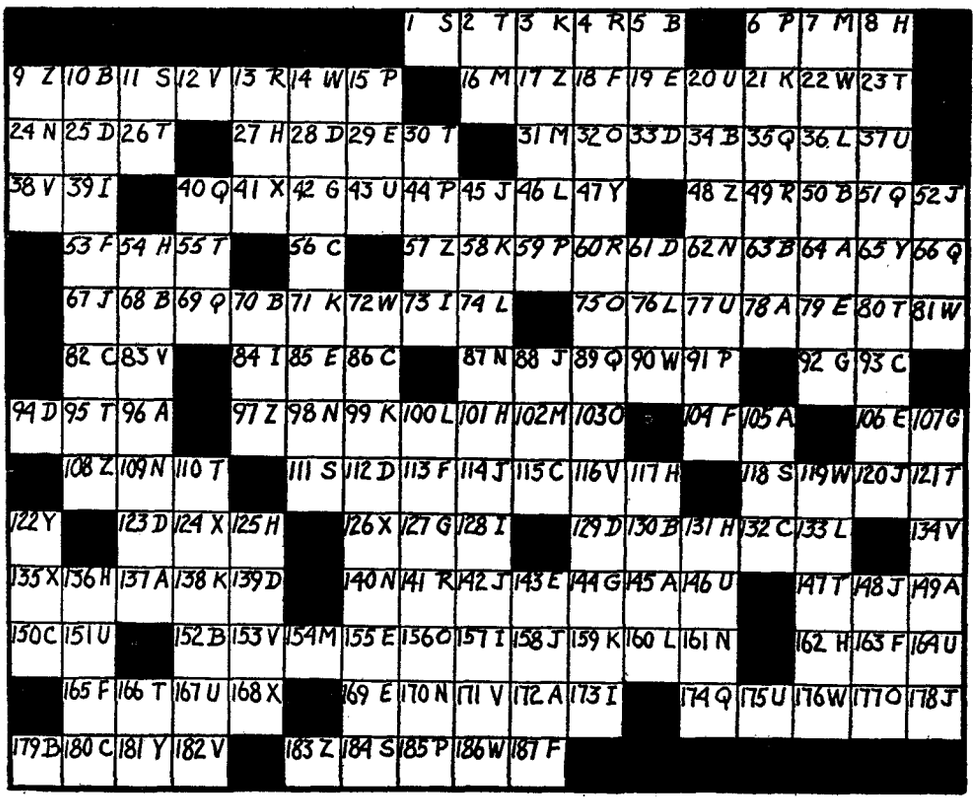
RUTH MOSHER PLACE, Garden Editor, *Detroit News,* and a DCer who "sometimes has the thrill of feeling a word I think I don't know swim up like a minnow from under the pebbles," comments amusingly under "Puzzle Plants" in her column, on the relation these days between horticulture and puzzling when "somebody is always expecting a prompt answer to the request for an Abyssinian legume or an Indian term for Moon of the Harvest." She has on hand, she continues, "a sizable collection of those rare plants that grow only in puzzles, treasured along with obscure garden practices and obsolete tools." . . . "To be sure, as a devoted solver of Double Crostics, I have myself dug not a few remarkable specimens from the fertile soil of the dictionary. I have on hand *limbate,* meaning bordered with flowers of a different color, and *kerf,* the sawed surface of a tree."

When I asked recently the editor of a leading metropolitan daily if I could use his name as the author of an eloquent current editorial, he replied, "We editors must remain anonymous." That sacrifice is a DC loss!

Two recent situations have moved me almost as much as surprise letters from famous people doing DCs. One is the receipt of two original DCs from an inmate of a penal institution in the Middle West, and the other from my Toronto Library friend, formerly librarian of the New York State Chamber of Commerce Library in this city, who confides, "Little did I think I'd ever write you a fan letter, but I've come to it. I've been doing your puzzles." And after stressing the exhausted condition the end of the day's library work finds her in, she concludes, "I sometimes think I'd like to go off and stay buried for a while. I'd do puzzles."

Her last remark takes me back to the summer before I marketed my wares. I had asked Geraldine Gordon, manager of Hathaway House Bookshop, Wellesley's coöperative, what she thought of my new venture. "Never did a puzzle in my life," she replied, "but when you are ready, go to my friend Emily Street with Wm. Morrow & Co. for a frank estimate." (It was Miss Street who introduced me to the *SRL.*) Two summers later Gerry left for a vacation away from civilization and any semblance of book shops. But along with her went the head of another college bookshop—with a copy of my latest series. This I learned when I asked Gerry whether her vacation passed as planned. "Not exactly," she replied, "we spent our days struggling with your puzzles, without reference books, at that."

Among non-reference-book sharks whose average is about forty minutes is Pierre W. Saxton, White Plains, N. Y., a humorist whom I met recently at a college dinner. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 522

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The mistress of the house.
B. Victory for Anthony Wayne over Clinton—July 1779.
C. Short of breath; panting.
D. Indistinctly marked; clouded.
E. Having the shape of tea or the tea plant.
F. Loss or impairment of the sense of smell (Med.)
G. An Indian of a former Georgian tribe, migrating West with the Greeks.
H. Rugby tan (a color red-yellow; 2 wds.)
I. German physicist and chemist (Nobel prize in Chemistry, 1920).
J. A great Antagonist (Bib. origin).
K. White-faced buffoon in English pantomime from the French.
L. American statesman and orator (Pres. of Harvard 1846-9) (1794-1865).
M. English-born Virginian tobacconist (1609-20).
N. The Hebrew sabbath.
O. To regulate; dispose; manage.
P. Supplied with physical or moral force.
Q. Famous sailor in "Arabian Nights."
R. The Supreme Being of the Mohammedans.
S. His "Fortunes" are a Scott title (1822).
T. Colossal figures by Epstein in the Underground Railways Building, London.
U. Title (first name) of a Mark Twain "Tragedy" (1894).
V. Alsatian-born American composer and musician (1861-1935).
W. Heroine of the poem "The Hermit" in the "Vicar of Wakefield."
X. Dean of St. Pauls, Humanist, and famous lecturer (1467-1519?).
Y. A Sicilian vale in which Spring reigns eternally (Gr. Myth.)
Z. Separated the kernels of from the husk, etc.

WORDS

145 64 78 96 137 172 105 149
70 50 63 34 5 152 68 130 10 179
56 93 115 86 132 82 180 150
123 112 129 33 61 25 94 28 139
169 85 29 79 155 143 19 106
53 163 104 187 165 113 18
107 144 42 127 92
162 117 101 131 27 125 136 8 54
73 128 173 39 157 84
45 52 120 178 67 148 142 88 158 114
58 21 138 99 3 159 71
76 100 133 160 36 46 74
102 154 16 31 7
161 24 98 62 87 109 140 170
32 75 103 156 177
6 59 44 185 91 15
174 51 69 35 89 40 66
13 4 60 49 141
111 184 11 1 118
55 2 110 166 80 26 30 121 23 95 147
175 43 164 37 20 146 151 77 167
182 38 171 83 134 12 116 153
119 22 81 186 90 176 14 72
41 124 135 168 126
47 65 122 181
57 97 17 48 183 9 108

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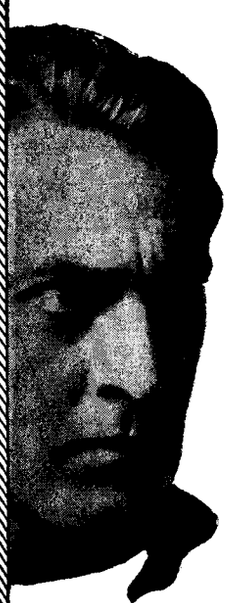

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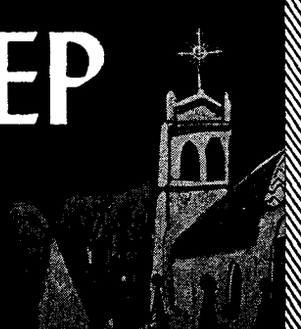

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